

Maybe I do need help. (It's okay.)

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Maybe I do need help. (It's okay.)

by [LAMB_BITES](#)

Summary

But you would never admit that, would you.

Notes

can you believe I wrote another one Jesus Christ wow uhm. Anyway have some Bittersweet lowkey Peaches&Plums implied fanfiction. Have some God Damng Suffering have some of ythis bULLSHIT

Maybe he wasn't managing as well as he thought he was.

But Gods forbid he admit that, even to himself.

He wasn't very okay to begin with, really, but his health, both mentally and physically, had been deteriorating noticeably over the years. It was... concerning.

And the few times anyone tried to bring it up, The King would deny what was said. "I'm perfectly fine; and healthy too. What would make you think otherwise?"

That was a lie. He was lying to himself.

And he was getting worse at lying.

One could swear, each time they saw him again, he looked worse, and worse. More scratches on his body, duller eyes, less energy, more weight fallen away.

He looked so very, *very* ill. Miserable, and ill.

He could barely hold anything down anymore. Most nights, his dinner ended going back up his throat, and down the drain.

Sometimes it happened on it's own. Sometimes it was on purpose.

His arms and legs were all marked up with what looked to be deep scratches. Some were on his face and neck too.

Used to, this problem more or less flared up under stress, but it worsened. When stressed, when upset, when angry, when empty, hollow, and numb. It had gotten so much worse.

His flesh looked so ugly.

Ratboy could tell from the minute he got there that now might not have been the best time to pay a visit. John was snappier than usual, more out of it. He seemed to be suffering a headache, or migraine, among the usual. Aching, empty stomach, growling audible, groggy and tired, and rubbing at those sore and itchy scratches.

He was worried about him.

It kind of just, all went downhill from there, really.

The yellow rodent tried to start up small talk, though John didn't really seem interested in or able to keep the conversation going.

It was awkward, and uncomfortable.

They kind of just, sat in silence for the most part, and if not that, Ratboy was following John wherever he went unless told not to.

Ratboy could have left if he wanted to, but... he just, didn't. It felt rude to leave, he was, he was worried about John, honestly, but he wasn't really sure of what to do, how to help. Maybe this wasn't something he could help with, but he could try. Who was he to let a pal be all down and out?

His walking came to a halt when he bumped into the other rat, snapping out of his current thoughts and looking up. John had come to a stop during all his pacing around the castle, sort of hunched over with his elbow propped up on the counter in front of him, hand on his head, the other arm crossed over the first, long and clawed fingers tapping at the surface.

"Ah, sorry John, I-... John?"

Shaking. The King was shaking, and his breathing turned heavy, it almost started to look like he was struggling to breathe, and his claws pressed further into his face. The tapping of his digits on the counter picked up the pace, until his arm moved and it started turning to his fist hitting down on the surface, force increasing each time.

Something was wrong. Something was very, very obviously wrong, and Ratboy didn't know what to do.

"J-John..?" He spoke, nervously. "H--.. Hey, what, what's wrong?-" He inquired, and as he reached over to place a hand on the other's shoulder, he was forcefully pushed away.

A quick look at John's face, and Ratboy saw that the man was in tears. He was in tears, and he was shaking, and clutching his arms, curling into himself.

"**DON'T.** D--don't you, don't you f-fucking touch me!" He said, loudly and sternly, though heavy breaths and wavering voice. It looked like his legs could give out under him.

A panic attack? A breakdown of some kind. Ratboy watched as John slid down to the floor, knees pulled up to his chest as he buried his face in his hands, claws raking at his face.

Ratboy had absolutely no idea what to do, or how to help. But he was told not to touch him, so that he didn't. Instead, he cautiously made his way over, and sat next to the other rat, making sure to keep enough distance between them.

And he sat there with him while he cried, and shook, and he remained there until eventually, John slowly calmed down. Slowly, but surely.

Mortified. John felt absolutely mortified. And drained. Suddenly falling to a breakdown like that, and in front of a guest too, he was ashamed.

Ratboy waited, making sure John was calmed enough, before moving, cautiously and gently placing a hand on the King's shoulder. He tensed at this, but didn't react as badly as before.

"I'm sorry." John said, reluctantly and quietly behind his hands. And Ratboy shook his head.

"You don't have to be sorry. It's okay." He said, patting his shoulder a couple times. John lowered his hands from his face, eyes red, tears still running, though not as heavily. He

avoided any eye contact.

"I shouldn't have let that happen." He muttered. Ratboy reached over with his other hand, wiping away the tears with his thumb. If John could pull together the energy to react, he would. It was embarrassing.
But it was kind. He did appreciate it.

"It wasn't your fault. You couldn't help it."

John didn't have much of a response.
He sighed, under his breath, and straightened up a bit, actually turning to face Ratboy now. He wasn't very good at showing his appreciation, and he didn't really know how. Awkwardly, tiredly, horribly unsure, he hesitantly held out his arms, expression unreadable beyond unsure. It confused Ratboy for a moment, but he caught on quick enough, flashing a smile, and wrapping his arms around the King in a friendly and gentle hug. John tensed again at the contact, but after some delay, he snaked his arms around the yellow rat, awkwardly hugging him back, before he soon enough grew uncomfortable with the affection,

"Th-that's enough now. You can let go."

Ratboy gave a nod, patting his back a couple times before letting go, scooting back a bit to give John his space, to which he was grateful for.

Silence, until Ratboy spoke up again.

"You gonna be alright?" He inquired, looking over at John. John kept his gaze towards the ground. He shrugged, and nodded.

"I think so."

Another few seconds of silence.

"Thank you."

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